

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE DESERTER BROUGHT BACK.

THE TALL MAN.

CHAPTER VII.—A GLIMPSE OF HOPE.

NOTHING remarkable occurred until one morning in June great excitement was caused in the barracks. A country peasant brought in the complete equipment of a life-guardsmen, which had been found on the banks of the Spree. Whether the owner of the clothes had been drowned, intentionally or accidentally, whilst bathing, could not be told, but that

he was drowned no one doubted. The regiment was immediately mustered, and the missing guardsman was—Arnold. "He has killed himself," said Lane to himself; "did he not say FREEDOM OR DEATH!"

Most of the guardsmen thought the same, but Wimmer shook his head, and remarked, "Such things have happened before, and those said to be dead have returned to life. If Arnold had really drowned himself it is not likely that he would have been so careful as to save his uniform; as to an accident, he could swim

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PRICE ONE PENNY

like a fish." Two days afterwards Wimmer came in with intelligence.

"We shall see who is right," said he. "It has been discovered that before his disappearance Arnold had sold a gold watch to a Jew, and spent part of the money in buying a complete beggar's dress. We shall be sure to have him now, and that soon. But there is something more than his desertion to be discovered. How did he come by that gold watch?"

Lane was horror-struck. Arnold a thief! Was it possible that after all he had stolen the secretary's watch? "Did not I myself search his clothes and his person? How could he have concealed it, if indeed he really took it?"

Four days after this the doors of the barracks No. 13 were thrown open, and Wilhelm, the soldiers' servant, rushed in, exclaiming, "They have found him! he is coming; they are bringing Arnold back!" Everybody hastened into the yard, and there they saw just entering the gates three dragoons on horseback. Strapped to the saddle behind the first dragoon was Arnold the deserter! His right arm was secured to his right leg by an iron chain. Arnold was almost irrecongnisable—his face was thin and deadly pale, furrowed with lines of suffering, streaked with blood and dirt; his hair hung wildly over his face; his torn and wretched clothes bore witness to the hardships he had endured. He did not raise his dull, despairing eyes; he allowed himself to be moved like a corpse, neither helping nor resisting. Arnold was placed at once in close confinement in the black hole.

"Let this be a warning to you, Lane," said the corporal, seriously. "You have always been taking birds to your bosom, and scheming and hoping one day to put off your uniform. All the scrawls you have written to Frankfort have been placed in our captain's hands, and he gave them to me with orders to look sharp after you. I tell you it is all in vain for you to hope to be anything henceforth but a Prussian life-guardsmen; so do not try any tricks of suicide or desertion. You are a good soldier, and I am proud of you, and I don't wish harm to come to you."

"What will be done to Arnold?" asked Lane, anxiously.

"Oh, we shall hear when the court-martial sits. The king did not forgive his own son when he offended; his great friend Kalt was shot before his eyes. Discipline before all things. It will not go well with the Jew who bought the watch and sold him the disguise, nor indeed with any one who knew that Arnold intended to desert."

The last part of this speech made Lane very anxious. If Arnold had stolen the watch, he would not scruple to tell a lie, if it would help to screen himself and to betray the comrade in whom he had confided; but Lane never regretted that he had kept Arnold's secret, for he did not know that he had been in earnest, and to have spoken a word would have brought down severe punishment upon the poor fellow.

A fortnight passed, during which Lane felt very miserable, and all the regiment speculated freely on what the sentence would be. The attempt at desertion they could understand and feel sympathy with, but the theft was a disgrace to the whole regiment, and each soldier resented it as an insult to himself.

At length the sentence was announced. Arnold had pleaded guilty to the theft of the watch, which was,

indeed, perfectly clear. The sentence was terrible. Arnold had to run the gauntlet twelve times through two hundred men, and to be imprisoned for four years.

On the evening of the day before that on which the sentence was to be carried into execution Lane was placed on guard over the prison in which Arnold was confined. It had a strongly-grated window that looked towards the barrack square.

Suddenly at the grating appeared the pale, miserable face of the prisoner, with a wild beard and tangled hair.

"Lane!" cried he, in a lamentable tone of voice. Lane looked up. "I want to ask your pardon for the unjust suspicion I brought on you about the watch. When you searched me I had already conveyed it away, and hidden it securely."

It required all the misery to be seen in Arnold's face to check the indignation and bitterness Lane felt against his comrade.

"I could forgive your desertion," said he, sharply and hoarsely, "but not your theft. A thief is a disgrace. The secretary had been showing us kindness, and you repaid him with a robbery."

"Ah!" said Arnold, "when I saw it sparkling on the table, it seemed to say in its ticking, 'Take me, take me!' and I thought it would give me the means to escape, and to make my way back to my wife and children. I would have repaid the value of the watch, even if I had to sell my cottage."

"I am very sorry for you," said Lane, "but no good could come from a crime."

Arnold, after a pause, began again. "Am I to run the gauntlet through the ranks of our men, or through the fusiliers?"

Lane sighed deeply, and said, "Alas! your own comrades have been appointed for the work, and we are all to be there."

"Do not strike very hard," entreated Arnold; "twelve times two hundred make two thousand four hundred blows. How shall I endure them? It would have been merciful if they had ordered me to be shot. Speak a good word for me to our comrades. I did not betray you to the judge, though he asked me several times if you knew of my intention."

"It would have been very base if you had," replied Lane, with some contempt, "and you may be sure that had you betrayed me, our comrades would have struck at you to-morrow until their arms were stiff."

Here the conversation ceased as another soldier approached.

The drums sounded mournfully the next morning, and two hundred grenadiers marched from the barracks to the place of punishment. Here they were drawn up in two lines facing each other, at a certain distance. Each man had sufficient space to move his right arm freely. The adjutant of the regiment dealt out to each of the men a long willow rod. This was to be used with the right hand, whilst with the left the musket was held against the foot. The criminal made his appearance at one end of this terrible living lane. He was stripped to the waist, and his arms were bound crosswise on his breast.

The provost-marshal put a leaden musket-ball into his mouth, that he might by biting it dull the sense of pain, and also that he might not lacerate his tongue. That the culprit might not pass too quickly between the ranks, the provost-marshal marched before him like a time-keeper. Whatever

cries might be uttered by the wretched man were drowned by the sound of the drums and trumpets.

The punishment began; the rods were changed at stated intervals; the colonel of the regiment rode slowly outside the ranks to see that the men did their duty.

Arnold did not sink under his punishment—he endured it to the end. The leaden ball, when taken from his mouth, had been bitten quite flat.

As soon as the last blow had been given the soldiers flung away their rods, resumed their muskets, and were marched back to their barracks to a lively march from the fifes and drums.

The guardsmen were not forbidden to visit their comrade whilst his wounds were being healed, but for some days he lay delirious, and it seemed a question whether he would live or die. At length Lane went to see him in his ward. The wretched man was evidently suffering fearfully, for he had dug his nails into his bedding. Lane could not speak; he sat down silently beside him, and the tears fell from his eyes.

After a while Arnold with difficulty stretched out his feverish hand to Lane, who pressed it long and warmly. The look of compassion, and this warm hand-clasp, told Arnold that he was not left a despised outcast, and this healed the sorest of his wounds, which was in his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MEETING.

"LANE," said Wilhelm, the servant's son, the next day, "you are to go at two o'clock to-day up to the house of the private secretary Kruzer, whose goods you helped Arnold to remove."

"He wants to question me about the theft of his watch," thought poor Lane; "perhaps he supposes that, after all, I was Arnold's accomplice. Well, I can only speak the truth, and tell him also how bitterly Arnold has suffered." Lane also wondered within himself whether he should succeed in convincing the private secretary that he was ignorant of the theft; and then he smiled bitterly to think that it was he, the merchant Leo Librecht Hiebendahl, of Frankfurt, whose name had stood so high on 'change as a man of honour and a man of wealth, who was now anxious to defend himself from the suspicion of having been an accomplice in the theft of a watch. But at times he felt confused as to which of his lives was the true one, and whether he had not dreamed all the past, or whether he were now dreaming in the present. He put his hand to his forehead as though the act could clear away the uncertainty, and, taking up his cap, he stalked down the street to the residence of Herr Kruzer, the king's private secretary.

Herr Kruzer received him not only with kindness, but as though he were an equal in position. He expressed great sorrow for the fate of Arnold, and sympathy for the suffering and temptation which had fallen upon him. "But," said he to Lane, "this bad business has had one good result: it has brought me acquainted with you, and though I have no hope, and see no chance of obtaining your discharge—for the king is not likely to part with the finest soldier in his regiment of guards—still I may be able to make your position more tolerable, and derive some benefit to myself besides. I want you to consent to teach my two boys, Aloin and Theodore, two hours every day when you are not on duty. I wish you to instruct them in legal writing and common writing; in book-keeping, and the necessary branches of

arithmetic; to teach them French, and to allow me and my wife to practise speaking and conversing in French with you. We know the language, but we do not speak it correctly; and between ourselves, a good knowledge of French will one day be a step to promotion. I am not rich, but I can make it worth your while, and we may find other boys who may form a class with mine, which will improve the pay. It will be a pleasure to my wife and to myself to become better acquainted with you."

Lane could scarcely speak his thanks—it was like grasping a hand let down out of heaven; his whole heart melted with thankfulness to God. "And I doubted the goodness of God!" he exclaimed, with remorse; "and I have been filled with murmuring and complaint!"

"You see, dear friend, He has not forsaken you," said the secretary's wife, a mild and beautiful woman. "He has many ways to bring his creatures out of all their trouble if only they trust in Him and wait for his way, without committing sin in their own blind impatience. But now I want you to tell me about that poor man your comrade who was so sorely tempted, and who has suffered so much."

"The surgeon says he will recover from the wounds made by the rods in time, but he is to be in prison with hard labour for four years. He is very ill and weak, and will never again be the man he was. Those terrible punishments break a man's nerves—they say a man never looks up again."

"Poor, poor fellow!" said both the wife and husband together. The lady left the room, and returned with a basket filled with some meat and white bread, and a jug of strong soup, which only needed to be warmed up to act like a cordial. "You are permitted to see him," said Madame Kruzer, "will you be allowed to take him this addition to his prison fare?"

"Yes," said Lane, gratefully; "we may take him what we like, but it is very little we can contribute, and this good food will do him good, both in mind and body."

Lane did not tell them that he had stinted himself to take food to his former comrade.

"Then," said the kind woman, "whenever you come to us, I will have a basket prepared ready for you to take to him; and if you will not be affronted, I think a basin of our good soup would do you no harm."

Here a tray, covered with a fine damask cloth, and set with hot soup and cutlets, a bottle of good wine, and some fine white bread, was brought into the room by the servant. The spoons and forks were those used by the family, and the whole appointment of the luncheon was such as would have been offered to a friendly guest. This recognition of his real position touched Lane, and the tears stood in his eyes. "You have brought back hope into my life," was all he could say.

That same day he went to visit Arnold, who was still unable to leave his bed of pain, or to move from the one position in which he had been laid down.

Hitherto Lane had asked him no questions, and indeed his nerves seemed so completely shattered, that he could not speak without tears. But to-day, when he smelt the savoury soup and saw the delicious white bread, his spirits seemed to revive, and he began of his own accord to tell Lane what had befallen him before he was retaken.

"I suffered hardships enough," said he. "I hid

in the woods by day, and only travelled through unfrequented roads, and by night. But the terror of being pursued never left me even in sleep, when, hidden in a thicket or under a hedge, I ventured to close my eyes. At cottages, sometimes, I got a drink of goat's milk, but I did not dare to go into any village to buy food. I was very near the frontier of my own country at last. I should have reached it in a few hours. The great dread of being overtaken had left me for the moment, and it was whilst I was rejoicing in the belief that I was at last safe, that my pursuers came up. I resisted violently, for I wished to be killed; but they took me and bound me behind one of the dragoons, and brought me back to Berlin, and I have hardly any recollection of what happened till that dreadful day of punishment and shame. But I was too miserable to feel anything else. If I could only know whether my dear wife and children were alive—if I could only have some tidings of them—I could feel content even now."

Lane promised to endeavour to obtain news for him, and he hoped, through the kindness of Herr Kruzer, to send him intelligence of them even when he should have been removed to the fortress; and he also cherished the hope that, through the friendly offices of the private secretary, he might communicate at last with his own dear ones at home. It was in the seventh month of his slavery that Lane became the tutor to the sons of Herr Kruzer. He had become aware of the fate of the letters he had written with so much difficulty, and he knew that no letter could be sent direct to his home. Herr Kruzer advised him by no means to address any petition to the king at present, promising that he himself would be on the watch for a favourable opening, and meanwhile encouraging him to be patient and hopeful. Herr Kruzer was a good and pious man, and he did not fail to point out that Almighty God our heavenly Father is an ever-present friend, and a sure help in time of trouble. Lane listened and felt his own faith strengthened by the comfortable words of his new friend. He did his duties as a soldier so scrupulously that even Corporal Wimmer was satisfied, and prophesied that some day he would rise to be a corporal himself, or even a sergeant. Poor Lane shivered when he listened to the vaticination. The great light and comfort of his life was the instruction of his pupils whilst with them, and with their parents he breathed a new and pure atmosphere, which recalled the time when he, too, was a father and a husband. He did not forget or neglect his promise to Arnold; and, more successful for him than for himself, he learned that the wife had recovered from the illness which had threatened to be fatal; that she was now well, and was bringing up her children honestly, and that she had not given up the hope of being one day reunited to her husband. These tidings were conveyed to Arnold, who by that time was removed to the fortress of Spandau, and his wounds were nearly healed. These tidings comforted the heart of the poor prisoner, and helped him to bear his lot hopefully.

Lane's pupils now amounted to five. One of them, named Detler Eversmann, was the son of one of the king's gentlemen in waiting. He was eleven years old, small, delicate, and almost sickly-looking. He was quiet and reserved, and had none of the buoyancy of youth about him. Herr Kruzer told Lane that this boy's father was very severe with him, and had completely broken his spirit by his harshness.

The boy was obedient, attentive, and diligent, but he always seemed to be under the influence of fear. Herr Kruzer had also told Lane that Detler's father was a great favourite with the king, and was accordingly both feared and respected by all around him. Lane's kind heart would have led him to be kind to any one in sorrow, and he was very tender-hearted towards the young. Detler would, in any case, have met with extra kindness from Lane, but in the present case a little personal human feeling found its way into his motives. What if through the son he could touch the father, and if the father could reach the heart of the king, and move him to set his captive free?

Lane took pains with all his pupils, but he tried especially to obtain the affection of Detler; but for a long time his efforts seemed vain. The kinder he was, the more reserved and even sullen the boy became; and Lane at length ceased to strive to attract his affection. All the pupils made good progress, and the parents expressed themselves well pleased with their tutor.

Lane often walked with his pupils after lessons were over, and he endeavoured to excite their interest and intelligence by the information he gave and the stories he told them, chiefly in French, to accustom them to conversation in that language. One day as they were walking near the Brandenburg Gate, Detler suddenly uttered a cry of terror, and turned even paler than ever.

"What is the matter, Detler?" said Lane, kindly. "What is it that frightens you?"

"It is my father," said the boy, shrinking back, and looking for a place of refuge. "Dear Lane, try and hide me."

"Why? Are we doing wrong?"

"Oh, no! no! but hide me, for pity's sake—he must not see me here."

The boy stooped down as though to tie his shoe; his companions, who seemed to understand, made a circle round him, and Lane, with his gigantic stature, tried to conceal the boy from whoever might be coming, whilst he continued his conversation, and told the boys about the Brandenburg Gate in French. The gentleman-in-waiting drew near. There was nothing very formidable in his appearance, but he looked scornfully at the life-guardsmen, and muttered audibly, "Another rascally Frenchman; I must tell the king that the recruiting parties disobey his orders more than ever, and such a fellow as this is entrusted with the care of Prussian youth, and to taint their minds with the wicked foreign morals." Muttering thus, Eousmann passed on scowling, and the poor boy, his son, ventured once more to stand upright.

"Does not your father know that you come out with us?" asked Lane.

Detler replied only by a trembling, beseeching look in his dark eyes, and Lane guessed the truth. This incident put an end to all Lane's hopes of gaining the father through the son; but it did not check his kindness to the boy, which, indeed, increased after he had seen the state of misery and fear in which he lived.

About this time Lane received the first news of home. Herr Kruzer had set on foot inquiries through a safe channel, and he learned that the widow and mother of Leo Librecht Hiebendahl, who had been drowned, lived very quietly and retired with the three children in their former house; that

they were all well; and that the business was very flourishing, carried on by the merchant's former book-keeper, Blitterman, to whom the widow had given a share in the business. This was comfort, so far as it went; but Lane could not understand why he received no answer to the letter he sent Blitterman, and which he knew he had received, nor yet any reply to the one he had enclosed to his wife.

One day early in September, 1738, Lane was on guard at the entrance of the royal palace gardens; suddenly, amid the crowd of passers-by, he observed a young man, the sight of whom made his heart beat violently. He endeavoured to attract his attention, but in vain; he tried to get some of the passers-by to turn their heads to speak to them, but all hurried on regardlessly, and the young man seemed fast disappearing out of reach. He would have called out, but fortunately recollected in time that it would be contrary to all the rules of discipline for a sentry to address any one whilst on duty, and would bring down severe punishment.

At last he could endure it no longer; he was prepared to leave his post even to catch the young man, the sight of whom had so much excited him. At this moment two young men walked from the castle into the street. Both were handsomely dressed in the fashion of the day, and wore their hair frizzed and powdered. The younger man seemed to be superior in rank; the other followed a few steps behind, with a respectful demeanour. Lane did not observe the deference paid him. Hastily, and with a tone of imperious despair, he addressed them both. "For the sake of pity, gentlemen, I entreat you to stop that young man in the grey coat, with fair hair, and bid him come to me—I cannot stir. The happiness, the lives of a whole family depend upon it." The tone was of such intense and heartfelt agony of entreaty that both the men stopped.

"That is a cool request," remarked the elder man, in French. "A sentry to ask your royal highness to be his messenger! If your royal father knew of this, he would send him, albeit a guardsman, to repent in a fortress."

Frederick II, who was then Crown Prince, and a very young man, fixed his piercing blue eyes upon the terrified Lane, who now perceiving to whom he had addressed himself, hastily presented arms. Something in the look of Lane touched him: he turned to his companion, and said with a smile, "A king's face should show grace." The case must be urgent. Do what he requests, Fouquet, and go after Grey-coat before he is out of sight. Do you understand French?" he continued.

The sentry bowed his head, but did not dare to speak.

"Well, then, I am all the more glad to have been able to do you this service. But do not forget that you are on duty. Much speech is contrary to rule. You know the penalty, so be careful."

The Crown Prince passed on. His companion, Fouquet, meanwhile struck with the whimsicality of the adventure, hastened after "Grey-coat," as he termed the youth, and with some difficulty overtook him, and with still more difficulty made him understand that the gigantic sentry wished to speak to him on some urgent matter, and that he was to return accordingly.

Lane stood at arms, as if turned to stone, but with every pulse beating with anxiety and almost sick with terror, lest he should have been mistaken.

"What do you want with me?" asked "Grey-coat," coming up as the sentry had just turned to pace his beat. Lane started violently. He recognised the voice; he had not been mistaken; but he did not dare to turn till he had come to the end of his walk and might pace back again.

"What do you want with me?" asked "Grey-coat," again, looking doubtfully up to the giant before him. "A gentleman in a fine laced coat told me I was to come to you."

"Bertram!" cried Lane, who mechanically shouldered his musket, though he felt as though his heart would burst. "Tell me where you are living. Speak quickly, for you must not stand here; or can you come to me in Barracks No. 13? Ask for Lane, that is my name now. Speak! answer me! Are you dumb? or deaf? Answer me, I pray you, at once!" Lane's agitation made his words almost unintelligible, and Bertram was too bewildered to understand anything.

"But is it you, Uncle Leo? Were you not drowned in the Maine and your body buried at Bingen? Who are you?" The boy was terrified at seeing the supposed dead come to life again.

"Yes, yes, it is I myself, your uncle. You must go now. It was the Crown Prince himself, God bless him, who sent for you. But I may not talk on duty. Stand aside and wait as though you were only looking at me."

Lane walked up and down before the garden gate, seeming to notice nothing. Bertram gazed in utter stupefaction, but as even the king considered his life-guardsmen the most beautiful sight in the world, Bertram would only be considered lost in admiration if any one had remarked him.

Bertram could not sufficiently wonder at the sight of his uncle, so long lamented as dead. Indeed, the transformation was almost as great as if he had really entered upon another state of existence. In the uniform and cap of a grenadier, and with his soldierly bearing, Lane looked much larger and taller than formerly; and to see the peaceful merchant transformed into a soldier was a wonder not to be understood and hardly to be believed.

Lane continued to walk up and down for some time in silence. At last he grounded his musket with such a rattle that Bertram jumped from the ground.

"I may not speak to you, but can you tell me nothing—nothing that has happened at home? How is it you are here? and why do they think I am drowned? Where are you staying?—speak, quick!" Lane again began his walk.

Bertram, who was not really a fool, but an affectionate sharp-witted boy, began to see what he must do. He put his hands behind him and stood still, gazing in apparent admiration, but when next the sentry passed him, he said, "I am in the service of the merchant Brenart, in the Krausen Strasse. I came a little time ago. You know where it is. I cannot stop here now any longer. At five o'clock I shall be free, and can walk with you. Come to me."

"Yes," said Lane; "expect me. Do not fail."

They had spoken these few words with many interruptions, and the time had come to relieve guard, so the soldier and newly-found nephew went their several ways—Lane in a fever of impatience and anxiety, which he had to hide under the stolid aspect of a grenadier; Bertram in a whirl of bewilderment which entirely drove out of his thoughts the

errand on which he had been sent, and when he reached the office of his master, the head clerk rated him soundly for his delay and negligence.

The period till five o'clock seemed interminable to Lane. It was well for him that the routine in which he had been so well trained rendered his duties mechanical, otherwise he would have made many mistakes, and brought down sharp punishment, but at length he was free to go where he would till roll-call. He had no difficulty in finding the house of the merchant Brenart. The appearance of the gigantic guardsman caused some surprise, but the head clerk, to whom Bertram explained that Lane was his uncle whom he had not seen for a long time, good-naturedly gave him leave to go with him for a couple of hours.

They walked down an unfrequented street, and there Bertram told his uncle all that had occurred—the misery caused by his disappearance, the belief that he had been drowned in the Maine, and how it was believed that his body had been washed on shore at Bingen, and that Blittermann had gone there and recognised it as that of his late master, the merchant Leo Librecht Hiebendahl; and that the drowned man was buried under that name.

"But how came you to leave my employment, Bertram?" asked his uncle.

"I have been away from your house a long time," said Bertram; "Herr Blittermann turned me out of the house because he said I was—a thief!" Poor Bertram could scarcely speak the word. "I was not allowed to see my aunt; I was not allowed to speak to any one—indeed, all who used to be in your house of business or in your household had already been turned away on one pretext or other, even to the market servant and the kitchen-maid. I think the cook was a little sorry for me, but she had been brought in by Blittermann, and dared not disobey him. There is no one left whom you employed except Herr Blittermann, who was master. He allowed no one to go near my aunt, and she was in too much grief to notice things, and the old lady your mother was ill of grief. But people in the town said that Blittermann intended to marry my aunt when her mourning should be over. The people of Frankfort who knew Blittermann all said they pitied your children, for they would have a bad, cruel stepfather who would rather they were dead than alive."

"And my wife, your aunt, did she give that rascal any reason to think she would consent to marry him?" asked Lane, in a hoarse voice.

"So long as I was in the house and could catch a glimpse of her, she seemed full of grief and heaviness; she scarcely ever left her room; but Blittermann was the master of everything, and did as he liked."

"And why did you say he sent you away?" asked Lane, who had forgotten all else in the agitation caused by the news.

"He said I was a thief," said Bertram, proudly; "but you know me, uncle, and will not believe it."

"No, indeed, Bertram, I do not; I know you to be true and just in all your dealings. But how did you come to Berlin, such a long way from Frankfort?"

"First, I went to Herren, and obtained a place there, but Blittermann heard of it, and was the cause of my being sent away; and after many hardships and wanderings I came here and succeeded in getting employment. I little dreamed of finding you, my uncle."

Lane told Bertram the story of his capture and of his forced enlistment as a grenadier, and of all the letters he had written home.

"If Blittermann received them he would take care they never reached my aunt; he is a cruel, wicked man, and I feel sure he was concerned in your being kidnapped that dark night and brought here. Oh, he is a bad man!" said Bertram, indignantly.

It was now so near roll-call that Lane had to leave his companion hastily, promising to see him again as soon as possible. Lane strode away to the barracks, which he reached only just in time.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

ANOTHER ZENICK.

THE readers of the "Leisure Hour" may like to hear more of the little animal called the Zenick or Suricote. Mr. Buckland, some time ago, gave a very interesting description of his little pet "Jemmy" (see "Leisure Hour," 1872, p. 361). My father when calling at his house one day saw Jemmy, and was much amused by his antics. Mr. Buckland kindly offered to get him a zenick from Mr. Jamrach's, and in the course of a month or two a little pet—"Dick"—appeared. Of all the pets we ever had—and they were not a few—none ever took our hearts so thoroughly by storm as "Dick." He was never at peace if some of us were not at home, and if he was unable because of the weather to get out in the garden, he would run from room to room, and window to window, making a whining, fretful noise, which he would never leave off until we came home, when he would run to us like a dog, and rub against our boots. He was not very particular about his food, but among favourite dishes custard puddings stood high, and a raw egg was his delight. He played us, however, a great many tricks, and his severe falls—for he had two while we had him—were quite family events.

One Sunday, when we came home from church, we heard that "Dick" had made his escape into the road, by squeezing himself under the coach-house gates; a servant had hurried after him, and in a few minutes reappeared with the truant in her arms. A Sunday-school child had come to the gate with the announcement that "If you please, your little animal's down in the village." The servant went out, and some couple of hundred yards down the road found "Dick" sitting upright in the middle of the road, with two or three dogs standing by but looking afraid to touch him. With some difficulty she caught him and brought him home. Various opinions were expressed by the aborigines. One said it was a young bear, another that it was a young tiger. What their idea of a tiger was I must leave you to imagine. Another time some children from a cottage near us came to say that our "little rat was in their garden." We sent and fetched him, after he had terrified the inmates. It appears that there was a broad plank aslant against our garden wall, and he had run up this, and either tumbled or jumped into the cottage garden. Directly he was brought back and put down on the ground, he rushed to where the plank had stood, but it had been removed in case of his mounting it again. He made a little grunt when he found it was gone, and stood looking at the wall, and then finding that the plank did not reappear, he

trotted back to the house. Often when he was in the garden he would run there hoping to find the plank, and pay a visit to our neighbours.

In the winter Dick's favourite place was under the eiderdown quilts on the beds, and if any one went near where he was lying, they were sure to hear the peculiar noise which he made when greatly pleased. The first fall he had greatly surprised us. The house is two storeys high, and from the top window "Dick" fell. He was sitting in the sun on the window seat, and a servant coming unexpectedly into the room frightened him, and he lost his balance. He was, however, but little hurt, and quite recovered in a few hours. His next fall was exactly one year afterwards to the day, and he fell from the same height, only from a window at the back of the house. How it happened we could not find out. This fall seemed to harm him less than the former, for directly he reached the ground he scuttled away. And now I am coming to the saddest part of our "Dick's" life. I was in the schoolroom one Wednesday morning, when I suddenly saw mamma running down the stairs into the kitchen with the brandy bottle. I went after her, and in the kitchen I found the gardener holding poor "Dick," who was struggling convulsively; while the cook looked on with great anxiety, for there was no one in the house who was not fond of him. It seems that the cook had found him stretched out in his cage, apparently lifeless; she took him up, and he began to struggle and gasp for breath. The brandy revived him, but his struggles became fainter. The gardener suggested a warm bath; but we were too afraid of shortening his life to try experiments on him. We gave him a little more brandy; he gasped for breath; feebly moaned; and—died. When those of the family who were out returned, no one liked to tell the sad event. All were sad—for who could forget his tricks?—but the cat that he had so unmercifully teased sat provokingly contented on the hearthrug, where she used seldom to venture in his time. We had him sent to London to be stuffed.

M. J. P.

A DOG'S REMORSE.

A correspondent of the "Spectator" gives the following illustration of a dog's contrition for an offence to his master:—

"Being accustomed to walk out before breakfast with two Skye terriers, it was my custom to wash their feet in a tub, kept for the purpose in the garden, whenever the weather was wet. One morning, when I took up the dog to carry him to the tub, he bit me so severely that I was obliged to let him go. No sooner was the dog at liberty, than he ran down to the kitchen and hid himself. For three days he refused food, declined to go out with any of the family, and appeared very dejected, with a distressed and unusual expression of countenance. On the third morning, however, upon returning with the other dog, I found him sitting by the tub, and upon coming towards him, he immediately jumped into it and sat down in the water. After pretending to wash his legs, he jumped out as happy as possible, and from that moment recovered his usual spirits."

MASTER CHIPPY DICK.

Some four or five years ago, we had an old Cochin China hen, who after patient sitting hatched nine or ten black Spanish chickens, and one little game bantam. The old hen as you may suppose was very

proud of her family, though with one exception. The poor little bantam, being of a fairer complexion than his jetty brothers and sisters, was despised by the mother as being too ugly to associate with (in her eyes) her more favoured offspring. She lost no opportunity of ill-using and pecking it every time it came near her. So in order to save the life of the poor chick, we brought it into the house, intending to bring it up ourselves. A basket was procured, in which "Master Chippy-dick" (as he was afterwards named) was placed. Next morning we were delighted to find him well and quite ready for his breakfast, which he ate with a good appetite. At night he was nested as before; but in the morning on going to his basket, to our horror, there was no "Chippy-dick" to be seen. In vain we called, in vain we searched; till some one said, "Perhaps puss has taken him for her kitten's breakfast." In fear and trembling we approached her basket, where, to our delight, we saw the chick fast asleep among the kittens, as cosy as he could possibly be, and old Mrs. Puss testifying her pleasure by loud purring. From this time we ceased to have any trouble with the chick, Madam. Puss taking upon herself the entire charge of him. She would bring in mice and birds, and lay them down before him with a noise peculiar to herself—between a purr and a mew.

"Chippy" always graciously accepted these offerings, holding his head knowingly on one side, and pecking them—showing he knew what they were for, though he could not eat them. There was one dish, however, in which he always joined puss, and that was her milk: never did epicure sip his wine with more gusto than did "Chippy" his milk. A favourite employment of his was to be perched on our fingers and taken among the roses, where his quick eyes would soon detect the grubs and insects that infest those trees so much and destroy the beauty of the blooms. Long after pussy's family had all settled in homes of their own, did he continue faithful to his foster-mother; always nestling up to her for warmth, perching on her back at every opportunity, and always sleeping with her at night. He took his name from a habit he had of singing himself to sleep, with a chirp that sounded just like a "Chippy-dick! chippy-dick!" loud at first, but gradually dying away, till he finally fell asleep. He could not endure the sight of a long sweeping-brush; whenever the servant swept up the kitchen he would scream and fly about in all directions, to be out of the way of it. In due time he grew up, and asserted himself master of the poultry yard. It was amusing to see how he would lord over big Cochin and Spanish cock, suffering none to share his throne. It is only a few months since he died, greatly regretted by us all.

M. S.

A KNOWING FOX.

A tame fox was kept in a stable-yard, and struck up a friendship with the dogs, but could never induce the cats to approach him. Being very sensitive to smell, they could not endure his odour, and would not even walk upon any spot where the fox had been standing. The crafty animal, perceiving that the cats would not come near him, used his knowledge to cheat them of their breakfast. As soon as the servant poured out the cats' allowance of milk, the fox would run to the spot and walk round the saucer, well knowing the rightful owners would not approach it. Day after day the cats lost their milk, until the stratagem was discovered, and the milk

placed in a spot where the fox could not reach it. After he had been prevented from robbing the cats, he procured his supply of milk by directing his cunning to the dairymaid as she was bringing the pails from milking. On one occasion, as she was passing along, the fox went up to her and brushed himself against one of the milk-pails. By this contact the milk became so tainted with the smell of the fox that the maid dared not take it to the house, and thoughtlessly poured it into a vessel and gave it to him. The crafty animal took advantage of this, and repeated the trick several times, but when he found the spoiled milk was given to the pigs instead of to himself, he ceased his attempts.

PORT ROYAL.

II.

THE fame of the Abbey of Port Royal and of its reformation had now spread far and wide. It became known that within an easy distance of Paris there was a religious community that lived strictly according to the fashion of the old monastic vows. The reputation of the young abbess stood so high that she was requested to undertake the reformation of various convents. Angélique simply gave the reply that she had no authority to quit her own monastery. At last her superior, the Abbot of Cîteaux and General of the Order, gave her directions that she should go in person or send some of her community when asked to undertake any mission of reformation. The most remarkable of these was her mission to the royal house of Maubuisson, where she herself had received some years of her education during childhood, the story of which gives us a curious view of the manners and religious degeneracy of the time.

Maubuisson was an ancient opulent abbey of the Cistercian Order, whose domain included many villages and various baronies and siegnories. Henry the Fourth, by an unrighteous act, had obtained this rich endowment for a sister of Gabrielle d'Estrées. This unhappy king, after he had given up the Protestant religion, seems to have fallen deeper and lower in self-indulgence and degradation. Historians have spoken of the wisdom and toleration of the king who abandoned the cause of the Huguenots rather than imperil the peace of the land and the safety of his throne. But if Henry had held fast to the simplicity of the faith, the history of his line and the history of France might have been different. The revolution in France, and with it that wild cycle of revolution and disorder which has scarcely yet terminated, might then have been spared. Henry obtained possession of the abbacy for his favourite sister by an act in accordance with his changed and weakened character. Hunting one day in the vast forest that surrounded the abbey, he visited the edifice and was entertained by the lady abbess. In the course of conversation the king said, as if incidentally, "Madame l'Abbesse, pray from whom is it that you hold your appointments in this abbacy?" The abbess replied with French politeness and loyal submissiveness, "Sire, permit me to receive them from you, when it pleases your majesty." The king craftily insisted on taking these unadvised words as a formal resignation, and obtaining a bull from Rome, forced Madame d'Estrées into the office of abbess. Her life and rule were in accordance with this scandalous com-

mencement. Notorious as was the relaxation of the Romish conventual places, the evil repute of Maubuisson was beyond all bounds. The religious services were thrown into one another and hurried over, and the abbess and nuns betook themselves to some fashionable promenades and spent the evening in dancing with the monks of the neighbouring abbey. These irregularities came to the ears of the reigning king, no longer the guilty facile Henry, but his morose son, Louis the Thirteenth. The king gave orders to M. de Cîteaux to suppress all these irregularities. A messenger was sent with some companions to collect evidence on the spot. The abbess found means to shut them all up in her convent tower, kept them as prisoners on bread and water, and gave the principal visitant some severe beatings. The Abbot of Cîteaux, after a vain attempt to assert his authority, came to the abbey with a company of royal archers. For three days the archers were kept outside the gates. At last they were burst open in order to arrest the abbess. She went to bed and refused to get up. In the end the archers took her up, bed and all, just as she was, and deposited her in a conveyance that was in waiting. Then she was deposed, and Angélique was temporarily made superior, with a commission to reform the institution.

It was in the February of 1618 that Angélique arrived at Maubuisson with four attendant nuns. The sisters of Maubuisson had been horrified with the accounts that they had heard of her severities, but they found that their superioress was a bright, intelligent, loving girl of eighteen. She had always a winning charm of her own, and early gained extraordinary influence. She imposed labours upon her community, but they were never so hard as those which she imposed on herself. She demanded self-denial, but her own self-denial was in excess of theirs. The splendid apartments which at Maubuisson were reserved for the use of the superioress were given up by Angélique for the purposes of an infirmary, and she herself was the most vigilant and diligent of nurses. She carried her austerities, as we might suppose, to an unwise extent, and one sister, who closely followed her example, lost her life. It was the custom of many young ladies to take the veil, not only as a religious vocation, but as a sort of worldly settlement in life. As far as possible they brought a dowry, which was their contribution to the funds of the religious foundation where they would be maintained. Angélique laid down the rule of perfect disinterestedness. All sisters should be chosen for their character and not their coin. At her own convent, when a poor girl was accompanied there with endowed damsels to seek admission at Port Royal, Angélique at once singled her out, and rejecting the others accepted the portionless maid. At Maubuisson seventy maidens presented themselves for acceptance. Angélique accepted only thirty-three, and of these only three had any dowry with them.

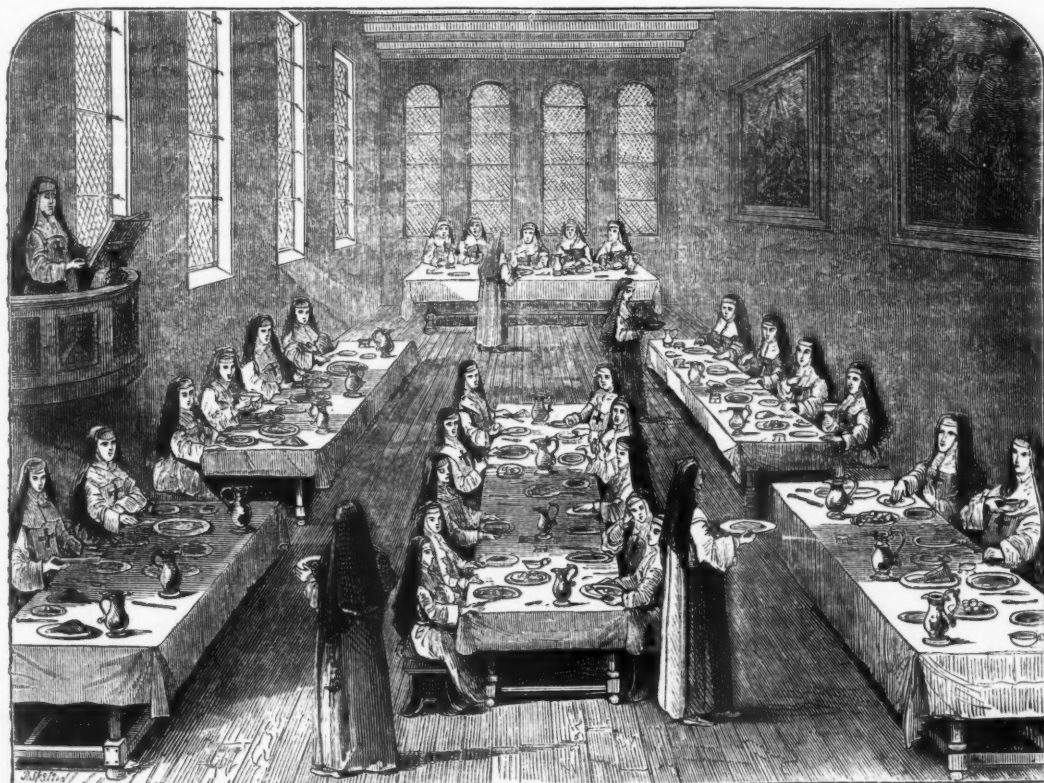
The work of reformation was pleasing to the better class of nuns, who yielded themselves to the Cistercian rules of poverty, silence, and seclusion. We may well believe, however, that there were others to whom this sudden change would be extremely unwelcome. In the midst of this work Madame d'Estrées made her appearance at the convent. She was accompanied with men bearing drawn swords, and obtained admission by a false key given by a false sister. "Madame," she said to Angélique, with that ironical politeness of which the French language so readily

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admits, "I have come hither to thank you for the care which you have taken of my abbey during my absence, and to beg you to return to your own, and leave me the management of mine." Angélique politely replied, that she should be extremely happy to do so as soon as she had received directions to that effect from the Abbot of Citeaux. She treated the intruder with every respect and hospitality, and gave her a handsome repast, while she herself fared humbly with her nuns. Madame d'Estrées was immensely annoyed when she found that her splendid rooms were converted into a hospital. "I desire these filthy and disgusting creatures may be taken away,"

the black robes of one of the nuns, and then taking their beads in silence, they went to the town of Pontoise and entered the first church. The whole party only mustered eight francs among them. But the good people of Pontoise vied in hospitality and kindness. They brought plates, beds, provisions; the vicar-general gave up his house for their use; a chapel was fitted up, and in a few hours the strict old cloistral life was resumed under such altered circumstances. Their stay at Pontoise was, however, brief. The very next night they were reinstated. The States of France were not very well ordered and settled, but such an outrage as that by Madame



THE REFECTORY, PORT ROYAL.

she said, when she saw the poor sick nuns. The ex-abbess soon resolved to reclaim her supposed rights by force. She asked Angélique to accompany her to church, and Angélique assented, saying that they could not go to a better place. Then a strange scene took place in the sacred edifice. The intruding abbess sought to eject Angélique through the porch. Her supporters marched in, swords were drawn, pistol-shots were fired, and Angélique was cast out. Thirty-four nuns accompanied her. La Mère Angélique at once resolved what she would do. First she knelt down and prayed the Lord to direct their steps and to provide for them. Then she arranged her company, two by two, in a solemn procession; she furnished them with black veils from

d'Estrées could not be permitted. An officer with two hundred and fifty archers took possession, from whom the intruder fled in horror, as soon as she was told that there was a glittering of arms through the trees. Thence he went on to Pontoise, and though it was late at night Angélique determined to return to Maubuisson at once. A long ecclesiastical procession accompanied her between a double file of mounted archers, each with a lighted torch, while a great multitude followed. It was found necessary to leave archers in the neighbourhood for six months, as Madame d'Estrées had lawless friends who, by firing shots night and day at the windows, sought to terrify the inmates. La Mère Angélique was, however, distressed by the presence of the military.

What, she asked, could be expected from the world if religious people did not show their confidence in the Lord and in the power of his might? At her representation the archers were withdrawn, and shortly afterwards Madame d'Estrées was apprehended. The unhappy woman was allowed a liberal pension, but we find her in a convent for penitents, in a prison, and in a hovel. There is just one gleam of hope in her end. Many years afterwards, when she was dying, a well-worn New Testament was found in the casket in which she used to keep her jewels.

When Madame d'Estrées was finally deposed, the king wished to bestow the benefice, which was of far greater value than Port Royal, on Angélique. To this, however, she would by no means consent. She continued to govern the institution until her assigned work of reformation should be completed, and a new abbess be appointed. The new abbess came, and by no means approved of the many portionless maidens whom Angélique had received. "If you, madame," answered Angélique, "think your house, with a revenue of 30,000 livres, overburdened with the charge of thirty nuns, I shall not think mine, which possesses but 6000, incommoded by their reception." All the sisterhood of Port Royal concurred in a gracious invitation to ask these maidens to share their poverty. Some very important events, the full effect of which we shall afterwards trace out, had happened to Angélique at Maubuisson. She had met Madame Chantal. For a brief time she had had the acquaintance of the saintly man who is known in ecclesiastical history as St. Francis de Sales. Above all she had become acquainted with that great friend and companion of Jansen, the Abbé de St. Cyran. And now she prepared to return to Port Royal. She sent her companions forward, telling them that when they could see the convent belfry from the edge of the valley, they should repeat together the words, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips" (Ps. cxli. 3), and be silent till she released them from their silence. She soon arrived herself, and it was with the utmost joy that the now large community of Port Royal settled down to their narrow habitations with their slender means.

But the convent was sadly overcrowded. It had been designed for sixteen nuns, and it now held eighty. There was no proper room for them in dormitory and choir and refectory. The system of austerities pursued was unwise and unhealthy in the extreme. The necessary exercise of walking was looked upon as a mere luxury. Fastings and vigils were unduly prolonged. Moreover, the site of the convent was unwholesome. The deep valley was undrained, and abounded with the poison of malaria. The infirmary was always full; in a single year twelve sisters died. Madame Arnauld strongly urged the removal of the monastery to Paris. She was anxious for the lives of her five daughters: she was herself thinking of taking the veil. With some difficulties the Hôtel de Clugni was purchased for their use. And now the institution bifurcates; there is Port Royal de Paris, and Port Royal des Champs. In the country Port Royal, for the present only a chaplain was left to minister to the labourers on the lands. The double establishment entailed double expenses, and Angélique thought it right to receive a rich boarder. But this lady somewhat demoralised the little community. She endeavoured to make a pantry for herself, kept up a close connection with

the outside world, had her apartment splendidly furnished, and orange-trees on her terrace, which the good sisters were expected to water. Eventually Angélique offered to pay her back her dowry. The offer was at first eagerly accepted, but afterwards bitterly regretted. Madame Carro—for so was she named—wanted to return once more, but this was not permitted. Another change in her system occasioned a severe trial for Mère Angélique. Her monastery was united to the monastery of Tard, near Dijon, for an ecclesiastical purpose. Angélique, with her usual utter self-negation, asked the king's leave to resign her dignity, and requested that there might be a free triennial election to the office of abbess. This was permitted, under letters-patent, and a sister was elected abbess, who thought it her duty to introduce various sweeping alterations. There was greater expense in living, but there was also a greater excess in austerities. Among the rest, the new abbess thought it right that special mortifications should be inflicted upon Angélique, who had, as it were, again become a novice. It is difficult not to believe that some malignant female spite was mixed up with the discipline. She was forbidden to speak, to see her friends, or to write her letters. She was made to wear a paper mask, and the prayers of the sisters were asked for the conversion of "the hypocrite." On one occasion she was led round the refectory, with a basket full of filth suspended from her neck, by a nun, who repeated, "Sisters, look upon this wretched creature, whose mind is more full of perverse opinions than this basket is of filth." It must have been a happy thing for her when she was asked to leave Port Royal for a time, and become the first superioress of a new monastery of the Holy Eucharist. Later she was elected for various triennial periods abbess of Port Royal, and at other times her sisters would severally be abbesses. There was no repetition of such puerile degradation, but this period must have formed a most painful and extraordinary episode in her life. It is a great reflection on the errors and mistakes of the conventual system that a person of Mère Angélique's saintly character and great abilities should be subjected to such childish insolence. A more complete satire as to the system could not be devised than the story of this extraordinary incident.

During those years Angélique had found this friend whom we have already mentioned, who was destined powerfully to influence her own course in life and that of her community. Port Royal is especially identified with those spiritual directors, as they are called, of whom we shall have to speak in succession, St. Cyran, Singlin, and de Saçi, who almost measure the period of its illustrious history. It is from its connection with these men that Port Royal chiefly derived its troubles and its glory. Its local history under the influence of St. Cyran soon began to form part of the national and ecclesiastical history. St. Cyran knew her in early days at Port Royal, and had told her that he had known many abbesses who had reformed their monasteries, but very few who had reformed themselves. St. Cyran, then known as Jean de Verger de Hauranne—his latter name was derived from his abbey—had pursued his early studies at the University of Louvain, in conjunction with a most loved and intimate friend, Cornelius Jansen. Both young men were distinguished by an intense love of truth, by the utter revolt of intrepid and generous natures against the casuistry of the Jesuits, and by earnest longings for

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spiritual religion. The crucial point in the history of Port Royal is that St. Cyran imported to Port Royal those principles of his friends which are collectively known as Jansenism. They were principles in which he fully concurred. The two friends, each of whom was an *alter ego* to the other, had gone down to the seaside together to study the writings of the great Latin father, St. Augustine. They had found that the schoolmen generally referred to St. Augustine, and they determined to study Augustine for themselves. In 1620 d'Andilly, the eldest son of the Arnauld family and brother to Angélique, made St. Cyran's acquaintance. At that time Jansen was at the University of Louvain, where he long continued, filling high appointments. His chief energies were concentrated on a work which he meditated to be called "Augustinus." He repeatedly read through the great tomes of Augustine, some portions of them no less than thirty times. St. Cyran, in the meanwhile, chiefly abode in Paris, where he built up a great influence, mainly through the stress of his personal character. Richelieu once pointed him out to a crowd of courtiers as "the most learned man in Europe." He is said to have refused five bishoprics. He was not so great an author as his friends, his writings being limited to four small volumes, now before us, on religious life. He was indeed accredited with the authorship of an anonymous work signed *Aurelius*, which was a peculiarly powerful and effective attack upon the Jesuits, and which the Jesuits never forgave, but his authorship was never avowed. He lived at Paris, in great honour but in much privacy, his acquaintance being sought by the most Christian men of that time.

THE TARTAR DYNASTY IN CHINA.

WHEN the pure Chinese Ming Dynasty became effete in the beginning of the seventeenth century, they succumbed to the warlike incursions of the Manchoo Tartars. These strangers originally came from the Amoor country, and had settled down in the province of Shing-king. At that time the empire was in such a state of anarchy from contending factions and usurpers of the reins of government, that the well-disposed mandarins at the metropolis of Peking called in their aid to restore peace. This they succeeded in doing, and finding that the successors of the last Ming emperor were unable to rule with a firm hand, they made a triumphant entry into the capital, without any opposition on the part of the inhabitants, and proclaimed a new Manchoo Tartar, or *Tu Tsing*, Dynasty in 1644, which has continued its line of succession to the "Dragon Throne" until the present day.

At first the chieftains of that clan, insignificant as compared with the multitudinous Chinese race they were destined to rule over, had to maintain their supremacy with a vigilant military sway; but in a short time they assimilated their government policy with the ancient laws of China, and their rule became acceptable to all classes, who, in a measure, were indifferent as to the pure nationality of their rulers, so long as they were allowed to dwell in peace and security. Although differing in some degree from the pure Chinese in their ethnology, language, and customs, yet the Tartars are a branch

of the same Mongolian race, from whence they derive a common origin. Viewed in this light, the reigning Emperor of China, by Manchoo succession, may be compared to the Sovereign of this United Kingdom, ruling by virtue of Guelphic succession through the Hanoverian branch of the Teutonic race, from which the Anglo-Saxons derive the chief part of their origin, while the extinct Jacobite dynasty may be compared to the Mings.

The first emperor placed on the imperial throne of this dynasty was a boy in the fifth year of his age. Hence the government was to be carried on by a regency for fourteen years, until the juvenile monarch came of age. However, he did not attain his majority, for he died when he was eighteen, so that there are little or no records of his personal character, but his reign, under the title of *Shun Che*, was notable as restoring the foundations of prosperity to the nation, which it enjoyed for many generations afterwards.

A brilliant example of imperial rule was manifested during the reign of the second emperor, under the renowned title of *Kang Hi*. This monarch, whose personal name was *Huan Yeh*, also succeeded to the throne as a minor at the age of eight years, so that the empire continued to be governed by a regency for ten years longer, when he attained his majority, in 1662. His rule lasted for sixty-one years, and he attained the patriarchal age of seventy-nine. During that period he established peace and prosperity on a firm basis, and the enlightenment displayed by his government has had no equal since, not only in its relation to the Chinese, but to foreigners from western nations. He invited the most learned Jesuit fathers to take up their abode under his protection at Peking, where they taught him and his mandarins mathematics, astronomy, natural philosophy, and other European sciences, and employed them to make a survey of the empire, which has been the basis of Chinese geography up to the present day. By a decree, also, he declared all the ports in China open to foreign traders, so that his memory is esteemed as that of the greatest emperor of his imperial line.

On the demise of this powerful monarch in 1722, he was succeeded by his fourth son, who was in his majority, and reigned for twelve years, under the title of *Yung Cheng*. In that short time all the progress in civilisation made under the beneficent rule of his father ceased, his liberal and enlightened foreign policy was reversed, and the government relapsed into its previous despotic and exclusive condition. The Jesuit missionaries, who had propagated the Christian faith, and made some three hundred thousand converts, were driven from the country, their churches demolished, and their native followers persecuted. The ports open to foreign commerce were closed, with the exception of Canton and Macao, and these were subject to tyrannical restrictions of commerce. His domestic policy was of the most arbitrary kind, and he it was who ordered the Chinese to shave their heads and plait the long queue after the Tartar fashion, as a badge of subjection.

Fortunately for the peace of the nation, the fourth emperor, who reigned under the title of *Kien Lung* from 1736 to 1795, was a monarch after the type of his grandfather *Kang Hi*, and also the fourth son of his father. Although not possessed of the commanding abilities of the former, yet during his long

reign of threescore years he kept up the prestige of the nation, and restored order where incipient anarchy had set in. Evidently his ambition was to extend his sway over the tributary states; and he went so far as to carry his arms into India; but he did not succeed in his attempts at conquest, and on returning from his unsuccessful expeditions an aged and disappointed man, he abdicated in favour of his fifteenth son, personally named *Yung Yen*.

Here again the good and progressive monarch was succeeded by a worthless son, whose evil acts of commission or omission raised the demon of rebellion amongst his subjects, while he insanely spent his time in indolence and debauchery, leaving the government to the control of scheming courtiers, who pandered to his vices. In this respect the fifth titular reign of *Kia King* was more disastrous to the peace and prosperity of China than that of the third reign of *Yung Cheng*, while it lasted for twice the time, from 1796 to 1820, or about twenty-five years. He died without nominating a successor, although he had two sons come of age.

Of these the second son was raised to the throne by the high functionaries and relatives provided by the laws of China for such an emergency, and he assumed power under the title of *Tao Kwang*, the sixth emperor of the dynasty, reigning for thirty years. His internal rule was indifferently well maintained, but he found affairs in the south of China, among the disaffected and semi-independent tribes, difficult to maintain. But his greatest troubles were from the exclusive policy against the admission of foreigners to more trading ports in the realm. In breaking down the barriers of exclusiveness Great Britain led the van, and conquered with her forces by sea and land all the maritime and military levies which the Chinese Government brought against them. At his demise in 1850 both the internal and external relations of the court of Peking were in an unsettled state, and *Tao Kwang* left nine sons, most of them eligible to rule in person.

He chose his fourth son, personally named *Yih Chuh*, who ascended the throne in 1851, under the title of *Hien Feng*. Notwithstanding the critical state of affairs, this foolish emperor neglected the duties of state bequeathed to him, spending his days and nights, like his predecessor *Kia King*, in voluptuous effeminacy, leaving the government in the hands of designing councillors, who were inimical to a liberal foreign policy. Their contumacious acts towards Britain and France resulted in the second and third Chinese wars, which ended in the occupation of Peking by the allied forces, and the treaty of Tientsin in 1860; while the emperor died in the following year, from bodily and mental affliction, at his retreat in Tartary, whither he had fled on the approach of the allied forces to Peking.

Up to the reign of *Hien Feng* there had been no lack of male successors, but in the fifth year it was doubtful whether the empresses of first and second rank would fill the vacancy in the line, and an adoptive heir in direct lineage from the first son of *Tao Kwang* was nominated. However, his chances of succession were superseded by the birth of a son in 1856, who was raised to the throne in 1862, under the title *Tung Che*, the empress dowager (who was childless) and the empress mother forming a regency during his minority. This lasted for about thirteen years, when he attained his majority, took unto himself a wife, and assumed the reins of govern-

ment. During this period the nation recovered its internal and external troubles; the relations with foreign Powers continued amicable, and the desolating Taiping rebellion was suppressed, chiefly through the generalship of Colonel Gordon, and his native disciplined army. Scarcely had the young emperor got initiated into state affairs, or his wife brought forth a male heir, when he was seized with a virulent attack of small-pox, from which he died on the 12th January, 1875, little or nothing being known of his character, good or bad; and thus the eighth emperor of the dynasty has passed away. News has since been received of the early death of his widow.

There being no direct issue now from this stock of the imperial line, the empresses regent, who had resumed power by virtue of their nearest relationship to the deceased monarch, selected the only son of the seventh prince in the genealogy of *Tao Kwang*, and named *Yih Hwan*, Prince of Chun, the boy being only four or five years of age. According to precedent, he has been taken from his mother, and put under the tutelage of the empresses regent, his reign being designated *Kwang Su*, signifying "Continuation of Glory." This juvenile emperor is the ninth of the Tartar dynasty, and from all appearances the government will be conducted with the same efficiency and pacific policy which marked that of the preceding reign during the regency of the two experienced empresses.

S. M.

LATIN TRANSLATIONS FROM COWPER.

BY THE REV. J. P. LANGLEY, VICAR OF OLNEY.

THE translation of English hymns into Latin elegiacs may seem to ordinary readers a work of supererogation. To the writer, however, at any rate, it is not so. It impresses the meaning of the original upon his mind, and often discovers new beauties. To those also who have composed Latin verses in their youth perforce, the reading of a Latin verse translation is not without its charm. Nor is the translation of Christian hymns altogether to be despised as an aid to devotion. We may not go so far as to say with the Rev. W. J. Loftie, in regard to his devotional hymns, that "the long-neglected sweetness of the rhyming Latin is in itself, like the strains of solemn music, a direct source of religious feeling." If this can be said of the "rhyming" Latin, surely at least as much may be predicated of the elegant metre of the classical elegiac poets, with which scholars are familiar from their boyhood.

That the poet Cowper is in the present instance selected from among the Christian poets of England is due partly to the fact that he has been called "the sweetest of English poets," and is at the present time a great favourite in America as well as in the old country; and partly to the fact that the translator is connected with the poet's "loved haunts," where the hymns were written.

The first piece is one of those elicited from the poet by the invitation of the parish clerk of All Saints, Northampton. The circumstance is alluded to in one of Cowper's letters to Lady Hesketh, dated from Weston Lodge, Nov. 27th, 1787: "On Monday morning last Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and, being desired to sit, spoke

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as follows: 'Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints, in Northampton; brother of Mr. Cox, the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You will do me a great favour, sir, if you would furnish me with one.' To this I replied: 'Mr. Cox, you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, Cox the statuary, who, everybody knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose.'—'Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him; but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him.' I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, 'Perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too, for the same reason.' But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him. The waggon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton, loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written *one* that serves *two hundred* persons." A facsimile of this Northampton Bill of Mortality, with the appended verses, was given in an interesting paper on Northampton in the "Sunday at Home" for April, 1874. The other three are from the "Olney Hymns," and are among the best known and most widely popular of them.

They are all eminently illustrative of the poet's own feelings and experience as shown in his letters. His well-known piety found fit expression in the desire for "a closer walk with God." His equally well-known love of "retirement" is justified not only in the hymn upon that subject, but by a passage in the last book of the "Task," commencing

"He is the happy man whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;"

and in which he says that "contemplation is his bliss." And again,

"Stillest streams
Of water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing."

The last hymn translated, "God moves in a mysterious way," is exemplified in the poet's own sad trials, and has been the solace of many a troubled soul.

To turn from the hymns to the translations, it may be thought that, besides other faults known and unknown to the author, they err on the side of being too literal, and that the turn of the expressions and the connection of the sentences convicts them of being translations from English. If, however, a similar connection and mode of expression be found in classical authors, the translator is content. It is obvious that the language of Christian faith cannot be assimilated to that of heathen poets in the Augustan age. There is, however, a fund of Christian expression in a prayer of Ausonius, to be found in his "Ephemeris." With regard to the structure of the verses, it is scarcely necessary to remark upon the occasional use of a polysyllabic word at the end of a pentameter. The rule for schoolboys

is that a dissyllable must close the pentameter, and that it must be a substantive, or verb, or some case of *meus*, *tuus*, or *suus*. And Ovid generally observes this rule; but Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius break it gloriously and constantly; and if they lose something in elegance thereby, they gain much in freedom, nobility, and power. An adjective, indeed, is not a happy termination, as "Et color in niveo corpore purpureus" (Tib. iii. 4), though the line just quoted is perhaps as good a specimen as could be found. But what could be better than "Proposito florem prætulit officio," which has been translated somewhere, "Pleasure first and duty afterwards"? And Dr. J. A. Hessey, in "Horæ Tennysonianæ" (1870), has the following: "Prosilit, excipiens dulcibus alloquiis." It appears to be the fashion now to roam beyond the bounds of Virgil and Ovid, and to study Catullus and Lucretius. There is a striking difference between Lord Lytton's *Ænone* in "Arundines Cami" and the Rev. T. S. Evans's "*Ænone*," published in 1873. Even in so long a piece the former would probably have been astonished if he had been allowed to end a hexameter with "pavo cristatus," as the latter does. Yet the want of smoothness involved in such expressions is amply compensated for by addition of power; and it will probably be thought that the newer poem is more Tennysonian because less Virgilian.

In conclusion, the wish may be expressed that, whether by translations or original poems, a Latin scholar may be assisted to indulge his love of the language without being shocked at every turn by the impurities of heathenism in the books which he takes up.

THE WAY TO LIFE.

Thankless for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon,
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His bless'd concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages if he might;

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages where he goes,
Galled by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamoured of its harm!
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And still has power to charm!

Whence has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe?

The cause is conscience—conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spared,
Man mourns his fleeting breath;
All evils then seem light, compared
With the approach of death.

'Tis judgment shakes him : there's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay ;
He has incurred a long arrears,
And must despair to pay.

Pay !—follow Christ, and all is paid ;
His death your peace ensures ;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm descend to yours.

MORS JANUA VITÆ.

Ingrato fastu celestia dona rependens
Ante diem sese quisque perire putat,
Quamquam dulce Mori divino a numine donum est,
Si quis concessio scit bene jure frui.

At magis insipiens quam qui sua commoda nôrit,
Quaque uti nescit lege beatus, Homo
Si posset, spatium breve vitæ extendere vellet
Et trahere afflictos sæcula mille dies.

Luce sub æthereâ per sæcula mille laborans
Iret, ubi vanas itque reditque vias,
Ærumnæque animus constrictâ compede tritus
Vix miseras horas spe sine pacis agit.

O mira humano fervens in corde cupido,
Quæ foveat noxam perniciemque suam !
O rerum ambages ! quod tantum angoris inurit,
Id sibi blanditiis corda subacta tenet.

Vim magicam unde tulit sibi vita obscura sub astris ?
Cur hominum menti res inimica mori ?
Cur detrectatur fessis hora optima vitæ,
Appetimusque malis addere majus onus ?

Conscia mens causa est ; multæ mens conscia noxæ
Admissi sceleris tædia longa refert,
Cui vox terribilis sonat, etsi mollis ut auru,
Letique instantis pallet in ore pavor.

Tum sibi sollicitus ne non parcatur, ut horas
Ducat, tam fragilem vitam animamque dolet :
Tunc levia et minimi momenti cuncta videntur
Quum procul accedit Mortis acerba dies.

Instans Judicium quassat terroribus ægrum,
Inspiratque preces, dum remanere cupit :
Debita multa Deo primis cumulavit ab annis,
Et spes solvendi nulla subesse potest.

Solvendi ! Christum sequero, et jam cuncta soluta ;
Mors Christi pacem fert requiemque tibi.
Contemplare animo, quæ dormiit Ille, Sepulchrum,
Inque tuum placidâ mente quietus abi.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

VERSARI PROPE DEUM.

O si versari propius cum Numine detur,
Mens placida, et cœli consona facta choro,
Et lux, quæ callem radiis illuminet almis
Qui fert ad sedes, Agne Beato, tuas !

O ubi pax animi, quam nôram, et gaudia pura,
Quum primum aspexi conscius ora Dei ?
Ille ubi, qui toties animos renovare valebat,
Conspectus Domini verbaque grata mei ?

Horæ quàm dulces tranquillâ in pace fluebant !
Suaviter hæc etiam, dum reminiscor, abit.
Anxius at superest angor per pectus inane
Quod mihi nulla hominum turba replere potest.

O redeas, redeas, pacis prænuntius Ales,
Et mihi des requiem, Spiritus alme Dei !
Odi peccatum quod te mœrere coëgit,
Et procul a nostro jussit abire sinu.

Cuncta idola, meo cordi quæ proxima novi,
Quasunque illecebras blanditiasque ferant,
Te duce jam spoliem, solioque avellere raptò
Sit mihi, teque unum tempus in omne colam !

Sic ego versabor semper prope Numen amicum,
Sic placida, et cœli mens erit apta choro :
Et signabit iter radiis lux purior almis
Quod fert ad sedes, Agne Beate, tuas.

RETIREMENT.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shado,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of life divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour ! Thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

BEATUS ILLE.

Jam procul a sociis, hominumque a cœtibus erro,
Quò nullæ lites, turba nec ulla subit,
Nec video loca quâ Satanas bella, impiger hostis,
In genus humanum maximè iniqua gerit.

Tranquilli saltus, et opaca silentia silvæ
Congrua cum precibus sunt et honore Dei,
Et bonitate tuâ, Deus, apta videntur ad usus
Ejus qui gratâ te pietate colit.

Illic si tangis Divino numine mentem,
Indignamque domum sic decorare placet,
O quâ lætitiâ, quâ pace et amore beata
Colloquium Domino conserit illa suo!

Ut Philomela, illic nemorum per æthœna vireta
Sola sibi liquidâ carmina voce ciet,
Nec testem cantûs, cantu contenta, requirit,
Nec laudes hominum, sponte canora, sitit.

Idem tu custos vitæ terrestris et auctor,
Divinæ vitæ fons et origo mihi!
Cunctaque si liceat comprehendere dulcia in uno
Nomine, Salvator, tu meus, usque meus!

O tibi quas grates animus, quem debet honorem,
Quantas perpetui debet amoris opes!
Talibus immensus resonabit laudibus æther,
Quum Tempus, functum munere, nomen erit.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

LUX E TENEBRIS.

Ex oculis hominum Deus inter cæca viarum
Incedit, mirum dum meditatur opus:
Turbida securas demittit in sequora plantas,
Suppeditatque rotas atra procella suas.

Artis inexhaustæ penetralibus abditus imis
Quæ neque mens hominum nec tetigere pedes,
Consilia evolvit velut auri lucida venas,
Solusque imperium dirigit omne sibi.

O timidi, revoke animos, tremefactaque corda!
Nubila ne tanto respicite illa meta!
Fæta bonis subito rumpentur et imbre benigno
Dona Dei vobis in capita ipsa ferent.

Quæ fert Ille, ægrâ Sensûs ne pendite librâ!
At sperate boni numinis auxilium!
Ex opere et pœnis torvum dum fingimus, Idem
Dextræ obducta minis ora serena gerit.

Proposita ad certam properabunt omnia finem,
Se magis inque dies explicitura magis,
Germinibusque sapor quamvis sit amarus, odorem
Ora serena, manu tecta minante, gerit.

Cæca Superstitio delirat (credite verbis),
Frustrâque inspiciet grandia facta Dei;
Ipse sibi interpres operum Deus, ipse magister,
Omnia significat mox patefacta suis.

Varieties.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.—Monsignor Capel thus concluded a sermon at South Kensington, to an audience many of whom seemed to be English, educated, and sane:—"The Catholic Church told us that under the sacramental species, or qualities, or properties, there is the risen Christ, the same God who was born of the Blessed Virgin, who walked in Palestine and died on the cross, and whose presence is actually on our altars. By miracle of God the outward qualities of bread and wine are there surrounding the person of God the Son in his double nature; but while the outward properties were there, there was no substance of bread and wine. This, then, was the Catholic teaching—Christ of the Church was truly and really present on the altar, the same living Christ who resides by the side of his Father, hid under the sacramental appearance or species or properties of bread and of wine. The priest who is to consecrate takes the bread into his hand before the consecration—he pronounces the words of consecration, and Holy Church told them that in that moment, by the omnipotent power of God, a change took place—the properties of the bread and wine were there as they were before, but the substance of them was there no longer, it had been changed into the body and blood of their blessed Lord."

PAIN IN ANIMALS.—You will not, I hope, reject a very unambitious attempt "to justify the ways of God to man," albeit somewhat at the expense of the Poet-Laureate. Mr. Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam," has a passage of much beauty, describing "all nature red in tooth and claw," as a great mystery only to be disclosed and reconciled with God's goodness "behind the veil, behind the veil." Now this I hold to be in a great measure scientifically false as regards the awful suffering supposed to be inflicted. The timorous grass feeders are no doubt preyed upon by the flesh-eaters in a way that seems horrible, but the former owe their health and the marvellous grace and beauty peculiar to many of them, and the fleetness in which they exult, to the active watchfulness which self-preservation exacts. Deprived of this stimulus, life really would be less joyous than all who have seen the exultantly bounding flight of a herd of alarmed antelopes may safely pronounce it to be, while death by natural decay would necessarily be a painful one. Now whatever may be the seemingly horrible death of one of these beautiful creatures, for example, seized by the panther, I firmly believe that it is almost a painless one. I do not suppose that there is living this day a more fearless man than the late Dr. Livingstone. His whole life was one of what in a mere man of the world would be the most reckless daring. In him it was a noble and chivalrous self-devotion springing from service to God and goodwill to man. Now this heroic man was, as he described in his first book, mauled and torn by

a lion, and while receiving severe injury, and in momentary expectation of being torn to pieces, a dreamy languor—no doubt the effect of terror—came over him (I write from memory), and he was quite insensible to pain from his wounds. He has himself surmised that he was experiencing and giving proof of a most merciful provision of nature to obviate, or greatly to mitigate, pain in behalf of the weaker classes of the *jæva nature* when being preyed upon by the carnivora.—*Land and Water.*

SEAKALE ON WASTE SHORE LANDS.—Mr. W. Robinson, the editor of the "Gardener," calls our attention to the fact of excellent seakale having been gathered from wild plants on the Hampshire coast. Mr. Robinson writes:—"The flavour is better than that of garden-grown seakale. In autumn and winter the country people cover the plants with shingle to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet. This prevents them being trampled on, and serves to blanch the shoots in spring. It finds a ready market in the neighbouring towns. There is no reason why seakale should not be grown on the coast wherever there is any waste shore ground available for its cultivation. Leaving out of the question new and half-wild countries, there is in old and long cultivated ones much waste land which it should be our aim to utilize when possible. In the case of seakale, not only would its general cultivation on waste shore lands benefit the community, but, as I think, the vegetable thus grown is far superior in quality."

AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.—The "Times" thus wrote about the closing service in the Agricultural Hall:—"A vast congregation assembled at the Agricultural Hall to join in the fiftieth and last service held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey under that roof. By 7 o'clock the vast building was crowded in every part, and when the whole congregation rose to join in the opening hymn—38, 'Wondrous Love'—a more impressive sight could hardly be imagined. The other hymns sung during the service were the 43rd, 'The ninety and nine,' and the 31st, 'Yet there is room,' with which the service concluded. Mr. Moody preached at greater length than usual, the subject of his address being the salvation of Noah and his family in the ark. After dwelling at some length on the scepticism which prevails in modern times on the subject of the Deluge and its incidents—a scepticism which the preacher said he had no doubt was generally shared by the antediluvian society which witnessed Noah's preparations to meet the threatened judgment, Mr. Moody expatiated on the patriarchal character of the faith which preserved one family alone amid all the households of the earth from perishing by water; and urged his hearers to exhibit and enforce by their example the like faith in their own families and households against the still more terrible day of judgment by fire, for which the present world was reserved. Mr. Moody's address was listened to with breathless attention, and the congregation seemed deeply moved by the earnest and pathetic appeal which he made to them to second by their prayers the efforts of himself and his fellow-labourers to bring the unconverted portion of his audience within the saving influence of the Gospel. No one who has witnessed these services can doubt their powerful agency for good, not only upon the ruder masses of society, but upon many also who have been accustomed to associate the idea of 'revivalism' with mere fanaticism and excitement. There was certainly nothing of this kind in yesterday's service. The devotional part of the service was as calm and unexciting as in the soberest parish church, while the sermon was not less calculated to benefit the most steady-going churchman than to arouse the attention of those who had hitherto thought little about religion."

SPURGEON ON CONVERSION.—Mr. Spurgeon thus referred to Revival services:—"Some of you have been converted during the last few weeks. I hope a good many of you have. Some of you have been converted to God in this place under the meetings held in my absence, and some of you at Astley's Theatre under our friends of the Agricultural Hall. I hope there are a great many of you converted; but do you know what they say? They say of you, 'Well, but will they stand? Will they last?' And they say, 'Is this conversion worth anything?' Now I do pray you who profess to have found Christ do not make any sham of it. Do let it be salvation from sin that you have got. Salvation from hell is not the matter, but salvation from sinning. Now let us see how you live, you converts. You go home, sir, and growl at your wife. You go home, servant, and be slovenly over your duty. You, working man, give half a day's work for a whole day's wage. You, master, act the tyrant over your men. And then you have been converted,

have you? I pray God undo such a conversion, and begin again with you. There are lots of people who need to be unconverted before they are converted—to have the rubbish they had built up themselves pulled down before Christ can begin. Remember that whatever our beloved friends Messrs. Moody and Sankey may say to you about Christ, you must be born again, and though it is 'Only believe and you shall be saved,' yet for all that, if that 'only believing' is of a sort that leaves you what you were before, it is not the 'only believing' that will save your soul. Evidently it will not save you, for it has left you still slaves to your sin. True, real, childlike, simple faith in Jesus Christ saves us, because it works by love."

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS OF 1874.—*Cultivated Land.*—According to the Agricultural Returns of 1874, the land cultivated during the year under crops, grass, fallow, or bare, was in Great Britain 31,267,000 acres; in Ireland, 15,752,000; in the Isle of Man, 94,000; and in the Channel Islands, 30,000 acres: being a total of 47,143,000 acres. In addition to this, there were in Great Britain 2,187,000, and in Ireland 325,000 acres, on which were woods and plantations. Each year there is an increase in the acreage of the land under cultivation, which in England during the last six years has amounted to 970,000 acres, in Wales to 175,000, and to 166,000 in Scotland—being a grand total of 1,311,000 all over Great Britain. From 1868 to 1872 the increase was chiefly in arable land, but in 1873 and 1874 permanent pasture shows the greatest increase. The acreage of land under wheat last year exceeded that of 1873 by 140,000 acres; but oats had diminished very much, chiefly in England, where nearly 80,000 acres less were devoted to this purpose. In Scotland but little wheat was grown, but the acreage under oats was nearly as much as in England. The total acreage of land upon which green crops, including potatoes, were grown was 4,957,000 acres. Clover and other artificial grasses were grown upon 6,284,000 acres, being 26 per cent. of the total land under cultivation.

Horses.—The number of horses returned during the year was 367,000, being an increase of 66,000 during the last five years, and of 35,000 on the number returned in 1873. In Ireland the number returned was less than in 1873; but that is accounted for by the increase in the exportation to England. Comparing the imports and exports of horses, we find that in 1874 there were 10,600 imported; and 2,650 exported, against 17,800 imported, and 2,800 exported in 1873. The stock of horses is thus found to be increasing, and the scarcity complained of is only owing to the greater demand.

Cattle.—There was an increase in cattle of 161,000 since 1873, and of 788,000 since 1871. In Ireland there was a decrease both in the numbers returned and the exports to Great Britain. In Scotland there was a decrease in the young stock and an increase in cattle over two years old, showing that feeding was more than ever practised in that country. The increase in cattle generally was not so great as in 1873. The number of foreign imported cattle has not increased during the last ten years, being annually about 200,000 head.

Sheep.—The increase since 1873 in sheep was 886,000, a much smaller increase than that of 1873 over 1872, which was 1,506,000, which was probably caused by the dryness of the season, causing more lambs to be killed early in the year. In Ireland there is a decrease of 4,900, but 66,000 more were sent to Great Britain than in 1873. Sheep, like cattle, have not increased in the numbers imported from foreign countries during the last ten years, and amount to 800,000.

Pigs.—There is a marked decrease in the number of pigs returned, there being now 78,000 fewer than in 1873, and 349,000 less than in 1872. This is owing to the preference shown by the working classes to other butcher's meat and to high prices of pig's food.

Agricultural Labourers.—There has been a considerable falling off in the number of labourers employed for agricultural purposes for some years past, which, from 1861 to 1871, was about 17 per cent. in England and Wales, and in Scotland about 12 per cent. Much of this may be caused by the introduction of machinery and the increasing emigration; but from the extraordinary increase in the census of towns it seems probable that the greater demand for town labour is the principal reason. By the census returns of 1871 the number of persons employed in manning and working the soil was 1,246,000 in England and Wales, 220,000 in Scotland, and 931,706 in Ireland; being a total of 2,397,706. Of this number 1,153,000 were in England alone.

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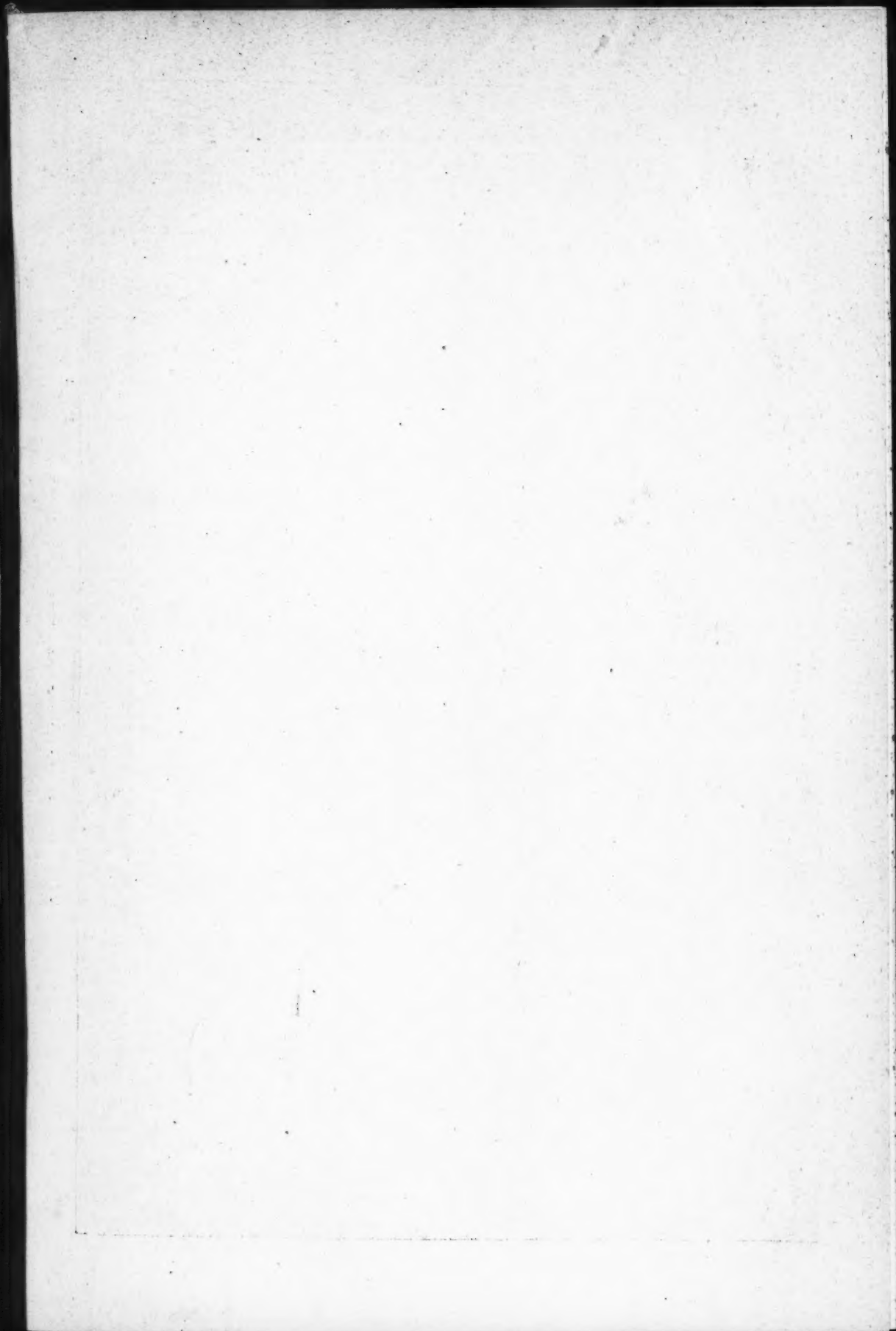
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